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Surviving the Unsinkable



👁 233 ✓ 69 ★ 51

Chapter 1 by Jennifer Barber

The night was aglow with tremendous starlight and a full moon. As I stood on the upper deck gazing at the sky I felt more peace than ever before. The winds were calm, the ocean water of the Atlantic smooth as glass. Suddenly I felt a tremendous jolt that threw me completely down on the bow.

Chapter 2 by Tomio Fujino



I got up quickly, hoping no one saw me. I looked around, and I saw no one on board, but I saw a wall of ice, blocking my vision of the sea port side. I was more surprised than hurt, although my bruised elbow shouted otherwise. I placed pressure on it, and walked down to my quarters, hoping to find some sort of answer to why the boat shuddered like a rug was pulled beneath me.

Chapter 3 by Eli Burns



I went back down on the bow to look around for clues I was hearing a weird noise like what was rushing in at a 100mph with no thought of stopping. I looked over the bow to see just what I thought water rushing into the bottom of the barge rushing in fast. I was trying to decide whether to warn the captain or the poor people in the bottom lofts. I decided to warn the

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Chapter 4 by Abigail Holland



I wake up just a few seconds later to screaming. People running past me. Nobody even thought about helping me up. Too involved in saving themselves.

I don't understand how this could happen.

It was said that not even God could sink the Titanic. But here we are now. Victims of an innocent iceberg.

Chapter 5 by Will Coloff



I got up and felt my head, lots of blood was there, I was about to run to a life boat when I remembered that my family still needed help, I looked everywhere for them, I could not find them, then I ran below deck, searching for my familys room, the 4th deck had water up to my heels, it was freezeing. I felt the ship inclining, i found my familys room, i tried to open the door, I couldn't, I then kicked it down and ran in just to find my family missing

Chapter 6 by intellikat



Then I slipped and fell down again. When I got up, I slipped again and hit my shoulder and my nutsack on the bulkhead. This was starting to become a pattern. Alot of slipping; alot of falling.

I ran from the passenger quarters, which were rapidly filling with cold seawater. I was fairly certain I was in the right section but after so many falls, I wondered if I could be mistaken. I dashed up the steps to the deck above.

That's when I fell again.

Oh god.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



When I woke up, I was in a lifeboat. And that's the truth. I don't know what happened. I don't know who rescued me. I don't remember being put on the lifeboat or how long we had now been floating some distance from the sinking ship.

But god, what a sight to behold. See more of Story Wars

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night.

Then, suddenly, one of the crewman accidentally struck me in the back of the head with an oar and I blacked out again.

Chapter 8 by intellikat



When I awoke, five husky seamen were above me breathing heavily. I could see their hot breath billowing in the cold night air. Their bulky arms held me down, and I suddenly realized that my pants were around my ankles.

"Relax," said one of the men, raspily. "You've received a concussion. The doctor will be here soon."

"That's right," said another, who smelt of old knots and mint. "The doctor is coming. He knows all about medicine and injuries and how to take care of you because he went to school as a doctor."

"Why are my pants off?" I asked, trying to sit up, but the men held me down.

"Try not to move," said another. "We had to give you air; we took off your pants to help you breathe."

"Yes, to help you breathe."

Suddenly, there was an older man climbing onto our lifeboat from another. He hastily put on a pair of glasses and fumblingly lifted a small black suitcase.

"I'm the doctor," he said. "Doctor Smith."

Doctor Smith made his way to my side and opened the suitcase and a pile of clothes fell out.

"Excuse me," he said, scrambling to pick up the clothes. A number of bottles of whiskey, gin, rum, etc. also fell out onto the bottom of the lifeboat. "My medicine..." he mumbled absentmindedly.

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ocean. Bodies were hurled into the cold water and screams were heard throughout as the entire vessel sank beneath the waves. But we didn't let this spoil our mood. We were cheery and gay.

When our rescuers found us many hours later, we were all snug and aglow beneath the heavy blankets taken from the ship, giggling and nuzzling. Onboard the other ship, we enjoyed a delicious hot meal, showers and a fresh bed being returned home.

So if anyone tells you that the Titanic was a horrible tragedy... well I suppose it may have been for some. But for me, surviving the unsinkable ship was a night I will always remember fondly. And I have the lumps on my head to prove it!

the end

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